

Philodemus' Poetry

Post by "Pacatus" of October 28, 2022 at 3:57 PM

I'm trying to render this poem into a modern English version (with my own interpretive edits, additions and wordplay). I'm working with the translation in Attalus since Greek is "Greek" to me. But here is the result from the Google translator:

even for those who live naked in the summer, it does not darken

botrys the virgin of firstborn grace:

but already those young bows are becoming Loves,

Lysidiki, and fire is buried in burial.

we flee, unloved ones, until an arrow is on the nerve:

I am a diviner of great fire.

This seems a bit less lusty than the translation on Attalus. But I'm still searching.

Here is another translation from DeepL:

As the naked summer covers thee, no bruising of the virgin's maidenly firstfruits: but already there are new bows and arrows, Lysidice, and fire is being kindled. Let us flee, unhappy, until the arrow is not on the nerves: I am a seer of a great ear of fire.